CLORINDY'S STORY.

"You'll see 'em up there on the ridge in about ten minutes," said Mrs. Hannah Stetson, rocking slowly back and torth in her little yellow rocker, as she laid down ber knitting a moment to shade her eyes while looking in that direction. "I've got so in the habito' watchin' for 'em that I find myself sort o' worry in' when they don't appear, an' calc'latin' that Clorindy must be sick or semethin'. I don't worry much about Jabe, though; trust him to be tough enough for a whole regiment. But, then, I don't s'pose they've missed meetin' up there in summer more'n a dozen times the past four years; an' they keep it up Listry late in the fall, too. If you'll believe me, I've seen 'em up there in the winter with the snow on the ground, an' the wind blowin' Clorindy's clothes all round her while she stood there 's quiet an' meek as a lamb. You might liken Jabe to the shearer. There they be." and Mrs. Stetson stepped to the end of the porch, followed by her friend and visitor, Miss Elvira Woodhouse, who, being of a roman-tic turn of mind, although somewhat seared and withered by time, took a lively interest in the matter.

"Poor dear!" continued Mrs. Stetson, after gazing mournfully at the couple for a moment, and shaking her head slowly as she roumed her seat, "an' that's all she's got, ster waitin' more'n four years for that great fool of a Jabe Hutchins; a piece o' bare rock to see him on, an' not the least chance o' his ever marryin' her—or rather her ever marryin' him." Miss Elvira coughed slightly and gave a

little sigh. "But there," said Mrs. Stetson. "I promised to tell you all about it, Elviry, from the very beginning; and here I am commeucin' at the very endin', as you might say. But it's all owin' to my not bein' able to bring my mind to bear on your bein' a stranger in these parts. It seems sort o' queer to think o' anybody's livin' an' not knowin' Clorindy's story. I'll just turn my chair round so's not to see Jabe Hutchins. He kind o' riles me up so."

Mrs. Stetson turned her rocker around, and then knit a few rows across her stocking in silence, while she collected her thoughts before commencing the story. Miss Elvira leaned lazily back in her large chair, with the old buff cat curled comforthives, the tinkling of the cow-bells in the distance and the general air of quiet and peace served as a fit setting to the story which Mrs. Stetson now commenced to relate in a gentle voice.

"Clorindy ain't much to look at now; but if you could have seen her as I used to, with her cheeks as red as roses, an' her blue eyes bright an' shinin', you'd never forget it, but kind o' still put the red cheeks in the place of her pale ones, an' the shinin' eyes in the place of her sad ones, just as I do. Clorindy ain't but twenty-eight now, an' of course that ain't old. If she'd married she'd have been called a young woman now, but as long as she didn't she seems like sort of an old maid, an' yet not exactly like one, neither, as she says she still ex-

pects to marry Jabe.
"Clorindy used to have ever so many fol-lowers from the time she was seventeen or thereabouts, an' we used to calc'late among ourselves that she'd take first this one, an' then that one; partic'larly Hiram Scott's son, who was the likeliest young man around, an' just ready to eat Clorindy up with his eyes when she sung in the choir. But she let 'em all go, one after another, an' just when was gettin'all pretty discouraged at the way she was goin' on, she appeared at meetin' on a Sunday mornin' the first step as she whisper with Jabe Hutchins. Clorindy looked so Maria Stetson, who's dead!" happy, an' Jabe set so like a bump on a log at her side, that we all knew what it meant. My, wa'n't we surprised!" Mrs. Stetson dropped her work in her lap while she looked absently at the distant hills, and seemed to see the bright young face in

the pew at church. "But that was four years ago," she con-tinued. "We all crowded round her after meetin' was over to try an' say somethin' pleasant on her account an' her mother's. But 'twas awful hard work. Not but what everybody liked Jabe; I don't s'pose he had an enemy in the world, except himself; an' that was just the world, except himself; and that was just the trouble. You liked him because you couldn't help yourself, considerin' his sweetness o' disposition, an' also 'cause it wa'n't worth while doin' anything eise. Although I was feelin' like death, I couldn't help smilin'

to myself for the lite o' me to to myself for the life o' me to hear all those people sayin' the same thing to Clorindy—'Jabe's awful good-natured, anyhow,' in the perlitest manner possible, an' yet sort o' helpless, too, as if they felt they wa'nt quite doin' their duty by her." Mrs. Stetson laughed gently, and then, after shooing the hens off the porch with her apron, and inquiring anxiously of her friend if she was "putickly comfortable," resumed her discourse.

"Well, I guess we didn't any of us do

"Well, I guess we didn't any of us do very much talking the next few weeks except about Clorindy an' Jabe. We kep' at that stiddy." "There, they're a-settin' down now." in-terrupted Miss Elvira, "an' he's takin' her

"Yes, I daresay; I know all their mo-tions," said Mrs. Stetson, dryly, without turning around. "But I've got to hurry up with this story if I expect to finish it before candle-time." At this gentle reproof Miss Elvira relaxed into silence, although still keeping her eyes turned on the narrow ridge where the increasing dusk made the outlines of the couple more and more

"Clorindy an' Jabe commenced right off to use that ridge as a meetin'-place. Most likely because it was just half-way between their two houses, an' then it always gave a good view of the settin' sun. Dear, dear, how I used to set and watch for em every night, just to see Ciorindy in her clean, light calico, lookin', as I knew, so fresh an' pretty in the face (although I couldn't see that from this distance), an' Jabe a-holdin' himself as straight as could be an' prouder too. They always bissed be, an' prouder, too. They always kissed each other when they met, an' then they'd chat for awhile, an' very often they'd hold each other's hand, just as you see 'em do now. Folks might think I'd been kind o' epyin' 'em all these years, but it ain't so; only that I'm a lonely old woman, an' they made company for me-besides, Clorindy reminds me a little of my 'Lis-

"Well, nobody s'posed they'd be married short of a year, say the next spring, but we did calc'late pretty freely on that, an' laid our plans accordin'. For instance, I turned the breadths of my black silk, so's to have it in readiness, an' Mis' Fisher did the same thing with her gray. Susan Pollard bought a new wreath for her bunnit, 'stead o' waitin' till the next spring, which would have been more thrifty. But the spring an' seen Clo just the s'posed she preferred the cool o' the fall, and Mrs. but that came an' went, too. People then commenced to talk, an' show more interest, an' ask more p'inted questions than really they was called on to make. But Clorindy never answered 'em; an', although she was always sweet an' gentle in her ways, there was a somethin' about her that kep' people off; she's been that way ever since she was a little girl. For a wonder, kep' people off; she's been that way ever derection with a camphire since she was a little girl. For a wonder, bottle in one hand an' a vinegar bottle in the other, which she was applyin' to Clor-

leaked out. I've always suspicioned 'twas Clorindy's mother that told it, seen' she was the most likely to know, an' has always been such a perfect sieve she couldn't keep a secret over night to save herself."

The crucial point in her story had now arrived, and, fully appreciating it, Mrs.

Stetson came to a full stop. Her needles clicked briskly as she cast covert glances

at her friend's excited face. "Well, now, Elviry, what do you s'pese 'twas? What do you s'pose has kep' Clorindy and Jabe apart these four years, an' yet brought 'em nearer together all the time, as it were?" Miss Elvira searched her mind wildly for the most plausible reason, and then

whispered hoarsely, "jealousy."
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Stetson; "'twa'n't nothin' but an old pig-sty an' a barn."
Miss Elvira flung herself back tragically in her chair.

"Yes." continued the narrator, satisfied with the effect she had produced, "'twas just that an' nothin' more. It seems that Clorindy asked Jabe, just after they was engaged, when he was goin' to finish that pig-sty, paint his barn an' fix up the place generally; an' he answers in his easy way, 'Oh, before long: there ain't no hurry.' But he never teched them. Clorindy didn't say nothin' more about it, but waited almost a year, an' then told him she wa'n't willin' to be married till they was attended to.
You see, she knew Jabe just as well an'
better'n most folks by that time, an' mistrusted that if they wa'n't fixed before she became his wife, they never would be. They say Jabe's never thought she was on-reasonable in the matter; leastways he's never said so. Still, time went on, an' the pig-sty wa'n't finished, an' the new barn, 'stead o' lookin' piney an' fresh, commenced to look gray an' black. (You can see it over there, Elviry, if you'll look sharp; behind that elum tree.) There always seemed to be a somethin' 'tkep' that fellow back from finishin' 'em, an' doin' the other jobs round the farm-dear knows, he's always been shiftless enough, though! Either

he couldn't get just the kind o' boards he wanted to finish the pig-sty, or else he couldn't succeed in findin' the right shade o' red to paint that barn with. But when I heerd tell how he'd sold all o' his pigs, an' then told Clorindy. 'Of course, there wa'n't any use in havin' a pig-sty when you hadn't any pigs to put in it.' I thought I should die a-laughin', although I was just as mad as could be all the time. There was a lot of other excuses that I can't rec'lect just this minute; but Clorindy's never accepted any of 'em. an' although she's been tirm an' kep' ably in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the | to her word, she's been just as kind an' man and woman on the ridge. A couple of gentle to Jabe, an' clung to him the same hens picked their way daintily about the porch, and the buzzing of the bees in their But it's wore on her dreadful. Oh, Elviry! just think how she must love him! She must find in him somethin' that none of us

> Both women wiped their eyes, and there was a silence while they looked at the couple on the ridge. "I wish I was near enough to see an' hear all that's been goin' on up there," said Miss

> Two weeks had passed, and Mrs. Stetson stood on her front porch looking anxiously up the road. "If Elviry don't come pretty soon," she murmured to herself, "I shall just bust. Cats are pretty good company." she continued, as the buff cat rubbed himself vigorously against her, "an' hens are awful knowin'; but there comes times when you feel as though you wanted a fellow-creature to talk to. Well, there! if that ain't Elviry now, walkin' as though nothin' had happened!" and hastily swooping hens and cat off the porch, Mrs. Stetson went forward to meet her friend. There was an air of suppressed excitement and determination about her, and an intensity of expression as she peered over her glasses, which made all superfluous conversation, such as a greeting, seem out of

Miss Woodhouse's tragic form sank on the first step as she whispered: "Hannah "Now, Elviry Woodhouse, if you'll just get up an' come an' set in this little rocker

I've got for you, I'll tell you about the goin's-on since you left," was the firm reply. "Somethin's happened that's worth talkin' about. "I don't wish to seem onkind, Elviry." she continued, after they were seated, "for my not askin' you how you left the folks don't mean that I haven't got any interest in 'em. If you don't say nothin', I'll understand they're all alive, an' that Uncle Joe's rheumatiz is as usual. 'middlin'.' But I've been holdin' myself in so now for two days, waitin' for you, that I must talk about somethin' else. Dear! desr! an' to think that we was settin' here only two weeks ago to-night, an' watchin' 'em on the ridge, an' talkin' about 'em just as though nothin' was goin' to happen."

"Then it's about Clorindy!" suggested Miss Elvira.

Miss Elvira.

"Of course it's about Clorindy an' Jabe, Elviry. Didn't I tell you before?"

"Yes, it's made a good deal o' talk," continued Mrs. Stetson, looking reflectively at the ridge. "I'm wonderin' whether they'll go up there to-night same's ever. But there! I want to tell you all about it.

"It was two mornin's ago that I was settin' out here shellin' peas for dinner (two quart pickin's from the back lot jinin'.) and my brother Eli rode by on his mowin'-machine, an' stopped to have a little chat about crops an' church matters. I s'pose we'd been talkin' is much as twenty I s'pose we'd been talkin' 's much as twenty minutes when Eli says, 'Too bad 'bout Clorindy.' (I forgot to tell you, Elviry, that I hadn't seen her ou the ridge the night before, although Jabe waited for her some time; an' I'd been kind o' worryin' ever since). So when he said that, of course ! was all alive to know what was the matter. Well men are cur'us bein's'," and Mrs. Stetson laid down her knitting while she looked absently at the old buff cat, who had crept back on the porch, and was now playing with her ball of yarn in the most bare-faced manner. "There's Eli; you know he's deacon, an' can pray in meetin' 'most as well as the minister, an' knows the Bible an' the Farmers' Almanac through an' through; then he's got a good head for business, too, an' can drive as sharp a bargain down to the store as anybody; but he couldn't give me the least idee of what was the matter with Clorindy. Men don't seem to have any carryin' power in their heads about sickness an' such things; although I knew En'd heard all the partic'lars from his wife. First, he said she'd got 'chills all over, an' they couldn't get her warm nohow, an' then, the next minute, that she was 'burnin' up with fever; an' he contradicted himself twice, about sore throat. I tried to pin him down to somethin', but 'twa'n't no use. Finally he got all muddled, an' commenced scratchhe got all muddled, an' commenced scratchin' his head, an' tryin' to make out he reckoned 'twas the 'measles.' When Eli commences scratchin' his head, you may know
there isn't any use talkin' to him any
longer; so, 's soon's I'd done shellin' my
peas, I put my hat on an' went over to Clo-

"Elviry Woodhouse, I'm never one to cry much, as you know, but if you could have seen Clorindy, I believe you'd have done just the same as I did—had a good cry."
And Mrs. Stetson emphasized her remark by removing her glasses and weeping quietly, in which act she was followed by Miss Woodhouse, whose emotions were easily

"There lay Clorindy on the bed, lookin' so pale an' sick, just as if she was tuckered out, an' wa'n't never goin' to get up again.

indy's nose promisc'ous. I declare, it just went to my heart to see her a-doin' that, an' not a smell o' honest ten in the house, when anybody who knows the least about sickness knows boneset's the thing to no matter what's the trouble." Here Mrs. Stetson twitched the stocking, and then looked pityingly at it, as though she had Clorindy's mother before her. "I didn't say nothin'. but I'd taken the precaution to bring a small basket of medicines with me, an' can tell you it didn't take me long to whip out that boneset an' go into the kitchen an' make a good, strong cup o' tea, which I give to Clorindy immediate. Then I set down an' inquired what was the matter."

"Well, it does take you to know how to do things," said Miss Elvira, admiringly. "I do calc'late to know somethin' about sickness," answered Mrs. Stetson, placidly. 'Clorindy's mother said the best she could express it was to say that Clorindy seemed to go all to pieces the mornin' before. Those were her very words, all to pieces.' So she just kep' her bed; but when it came time to go to meet Jabe, as usual, she tried to struggle up, an' seemed awful disappointed when she found she was so weak she couldn't stir. So she turned her face toward the west window, an' lay there with that wistful expression on her face she's had so much lately. She was lyin' there just the same when I first see her, but she turned her eyes on me once when I entered with such a longin', questionin' look! I knew what it meant; so, 's soon's I had a chance I drew her mother into the closet, an' says, 'Hasn't he been here?' An' she only shook her head an' swallowed hard.

"Well, we did everythin' we could for Clorindy. I do' know's we left a single stone unturned; workin' over her all the time. We tried a-sweatin' her, an' soakin' her feet in mustard-water, an' lots of other things; but nothin' seemed to do any good. I think she grew weaker, if anythin', an' finally begged to be just let alone. So we tidied her up, an' fixed her as comfortable as we could, propped up on pillows, so's she could catch a glimpse o' the ridge when the wind blew the branches apart. Then her mother an' me set still, for there wa'n't nothin' more to do.

"So the time went by; but when it came toward supset, we both noticed how big her eyes were growin', an' now an' then a tear'd run down her cheek. I was watchin' her pretty close, thinkin' any moment she might faint away, when I see her lean forward a little, an' the nex' thing I knew.

Jabe had bust into the room a-wavin' a paint-brush, an' callin' out, 'Oh, Clorindy! the pig-sty's all finished, an' the barn's painted a beautiful red.' His clothes was all covered with paint, but he went right arms clean round Clorindy, an' they both cried like two children. Then he sat an' held her hand while he told us how he'd been workin' more stiddy on 'em lately, an' that when he heard Clorindy was sick, he made up his mind he wouldn't look her in the face till they was both finished, an' the other jobs about the place. An' he'd only finished the barn just that minute. Then he says, 'Clorindy, when'll you marry me?' An' she says, 'To-morrow, Jabe.' Then he kissed her, an' went away.

"Her mother an' me never suspicioned she'd be able to even get up short of a week. but her strength seemed to come back all "They was married this afternoon at the minister's house; an' Clorindy's mother said her cheeks looked 's pink as when she

was a young girl." "There they be now!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Elvira. Hand in hand, Clorindy and Jabe stood on the narrow ridge, watching the setting sun, and as the last rays faded away in the distance, the man stooped and reverently kissed the woman by his side.
"I can't seem to sense it," said Mrs. Stetson, sortly, "that Clorindy's story 's really

come to an end, an' that she's going to be just like other folks now." -Kate Erskine, in Christian Union.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. The human brain weighs one thirty-fifth of the whole body. The President of the Swiss republic receives but \$3,000 per year.

The Colorade canyon is lifteen miles wide at the top and 6,000 feet deep. It is reported that Lake Michigan has fallen eighteen inches since June.

Mails are still carried by dogs and sledges in winter in the northern part of Michigan. The largest railroad station in the world s at Birmingham, England. It covers eleven acres. The screw in the fourth jewel wheel of a watch is so small that a lady's thimble

would hold 1,000,000 of them. Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration there is, on an average, 2212 acres to each person. Servant girls in California receive on an average \$25 per month. Nurse girls are paid from \$15 to \$20, and good cooks from \$30 upward.

The first thing a Japanese does in the morning is to take down the entire front of his building, leaving the whole of the interior open to view. Forty refractory convicts in Connecticut's State prison are in solitary confinement for

refusing to eat baked beans, the delicacy of Boston's Four Hundred. Nine hundred and tifty-five religious periodicals are published in this country, which are estimated to have a total circu-

lation of 3,973,650 for each issue. In Africa there are 500 missionaries and 400,000 converts. An average of 25,000 a year become converted, and in five years more than 200 martyrs have lost their lives

A Charlotteville (Va.) man was a few days ago sent to jail for stealing tencents' worth of corn fodder. It required two men to arrest him and cost the State \$10 for the pro-

ceedings. Forty-two Hebrews who were induced to go to Brazil four months ago, have returned through the efforts of an American consul. The highest wages they could get was 17 cents a day.

Efforts are being made to cultivate the wattle tree in the Kansas and Colorado plains. It is a shrub of Australian origin, containing more tannic acid in its bark than a big oak.

One of the largest hop-growers on the

Pacific coast got a growth of 5,592 pounds of hops on an acre of 816 hills. A yield of 1,000 pounds to an acre in the average yard is considered fair.

A late writer on social affairs in Iceland says there is not a single prison on the island, that such things as locks, bolts and bars are unknown, and that there are neither watchmen nor policemen.

Five century plants, all in bloom, is the interesting and very rare sight-now to be seen in Los Angeles, in the garden of the Church of Our Lady of All Angels. They are said to be growing about a foot a day. A. M. Hobbs, of Shepherd, Mich., some seasons ago planted West India coffee berries, and has used the same each year in his family, instead of store coffee. This year he harvested seven bushels, and is furnish-

ing seed to his neighbors. Lisle thread is made of superior cotton treated in a peculiar manner. The waxy surface of cotton fibre is impaired by carding, but preserved by combing. The spinning of lisle thread is done under moisture, forming a compact and solid yarn.

One of the relics preserved at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, is the yoke and frame of the old Liberty bell. The custodian recently counted the names and monograms cut in the old wooden relic by vis-itors, and found that they numbered 15,416. A veritable curiosity has been captured in Africa. It is an elephant larger than the late lamented Jumbo, pea-green in color, trunkless, and has tusks that branch out something like the horns of a deer. It is

in possession of a native king, who will not part with it. An interesting relie of the past at old Pemaquid. Mass., is a street thirty feet wide, paved with medium-sized flat stones. raised in the middle and having good gutters and curbs of large stones, besides a fine sidewalk 1112 feet wide. The street was

built in 1630, it is said. Six hundred Mormons per week, it is re-ported, are passing through Deming into the state of Chihuahua, where John M. Young, a Mormon leader, has purchased about six million acres, and secured a railway franchise from the state line to the gulf, near Toplobampo.

There are nearly seven thousand men in the British army over six feet high. Of every one hundred men in the army five are under five feet five inches, thirty-five be-tween five feet five inches and five feet seven inches, forty-eight between five feet seven inches and five feet ten inches, and

Twenty years ago the 8th of this month fire in Chicago burned over 2,100 acres, destroying 17,450 buildings, valued, with their on tracks of Pennsylvania line. Low-rate insurance. Facilities unsurpassed. Careful attention given to orders. Inquire F. S. FISHBACK, 89 South Meridian steect. Telephone 1273. Warehouse telephone, 1342.

contents, at \$190,000,000, and rendering 98,-500 people homeless. The insurance com-panies were liable for \$96,583,721 in damages, of which about one-half was paid, and filty-seven companies failed in conse-

quence. A tin-lined and hermetically sealed box had been in the bonded warehouse in San Francisco for some time, and recently, when it was opened, flames leaped into the air and smoke burst forth in volumes. It seems that it contained rubber mackintoshes, which had been made of some compound that had caused spontaneous com-

A little girl of Los Angeles, while visit-ing the ostrich farm with her father the other day, had her thumb bitten off by one of the bears kept confined there. The father dared not let go the child to get help or a weapon, but beat the brute over the jaw with his fist until his knuckle bones were bared before bruin would release his hold on the child's hand.

Some German Philosophy.

Poet Heine. We must forgive much in women, for they love much and also many. Poverty sits by the cradle of great men and rocks them up to manhood, and is their faithful companion through life.
Round my cradle shimmered the last moon beams of the eighteen century and the first morning beams of the nineteenth. The modesty of a woman is a protection to her virtue, more secure than all the robes in the world, however little they may

Matrimony is a high sea for which no compass has yet been invented. Woman has thirty thousand different modes of rendering us miserable to only one way to make us happy. Only through some manifestation of passion can men gain fame on earth. Generous nature never entirely disinherits any of her creations. It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have also ceased to

be cut down at the neck.

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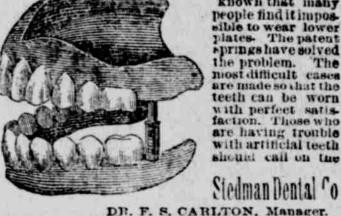
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